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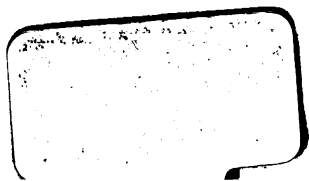
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Shakspeare's
SONGS



THE SONGS OF SHAKSPERE



THE SONGS OF SHAKSPERE

Selected from his Poems and Plays



*Malone K.
29.*

LONDON: VIRTUE & CO., 26 IVY LANE
PATERNOSTER ROW

1872

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is a vitality about the songs of Shakspeare, as there is about everything else he wrote, the imagery in each being continued and unbroken to the end. "They possess in perfection the elements of gaiety and tenderness," says a late eminent critic, "facility, grace, idiomatic purity, melody in expression, variety, suddenness, and completeness."

Like the music of the groves they are ever fresh, and the song of the lark or the nightingale belongs not more vividly to us, than do these masterpieces of art, which hold us spell-bound, as do the rich notes

of some fine instrument in the hands of an inspired master.

The songs of Shakspeare stand alone of all songs of the period of the fixation of the English language ; and have been happily one of the means of preserving its purity. His greatest literary contemporary in the art, Ben Jonson, though always displaying singular elegance of thought, and a luxuriant fancy, had evidently a strong bias in favour of classical models ; whilst Shakspeare, content with the study of nature, in his songs has left to all future song-writers English models far superior to all that preceded them.

J. B.



SONGS

FROM SHAKSPERE'S POEMS.

B



CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

From *The Passionate Pilgrim*.



RABBED age and youth
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Age, I do abhor thee ;
Youth, I do adore thee ;
 O, my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee :
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Chorus.--Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together :
Youth is summer morn,
 Age is winter weather.²





ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY!³

From Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.

(Set to Music by SIR HENRY BISHOP and MAJOR.)



N a day, alack the day !

Love, whose month was ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air :

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, gan passage find ;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,

' Air,' quoth he, ' thy cheeks may blow ;

Air, would I might triumph so !

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet :
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'





AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

From Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.

(Set to Music by LORD MORNINGTON and SIR HENRY BISHOP.

AS it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till' a thorn,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry ;
'Tereu, tereu !' by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;

For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :
King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;

All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,

And with such-like flattering,
' Pity but he were a king ;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment :
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;

They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.

These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.





MY FLOCKS FEED NOT.⁶

From *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.*

(Included in *Weelke's Madrigals*, 1597.)

MY flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss :
Love's denying,⁶
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,⁷
Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

One silly cross
Wrought all my loss ;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,⁸
Living in thrall :
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;⁹
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
My curtail dog,¹⁰ that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
My sighs so deep
Procure¹¹ to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,¹²
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye ;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully :

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :
Poor Corydon
Must live alone ;
Other help for him I see that there is none.





LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE.¹³

From *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*.

(Set to Music by WEBBE and SIR HENRY BISHOP.)

LIVE with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,

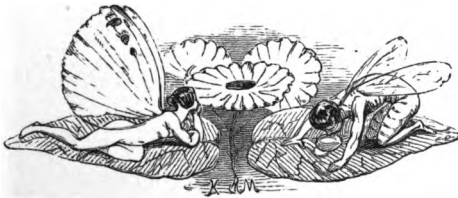
SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.





WHEN AS THINE EYE HATH CHOSE THE
DAME.

From Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.

WHEN as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst
strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy partial might :
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed¹⁴ talk,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt ;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sale.¹⁵

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night :
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight ;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban¹⁶ and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear :

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew :
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

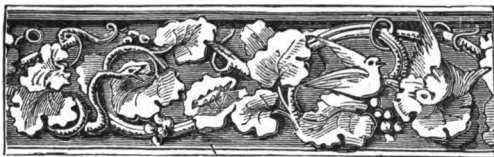
The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The swain that woos them shall not know.
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint :
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age doth them attain :
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

But, soft ! enough, too much, I fear ;
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me i' the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.





IT WAS A LORDING'S DAUGHTER.

From Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music.

(Set to Music by JOHN and THOMAS MORLEY, by W. SHIELD,
and by C. E. HORN.)

IT was a lording's daughter, the fairest one
of three,
That liked of her master as well as well
might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye
could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight :

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel !
But one must be refused ; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to
gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain :
Alas, she could not help it !
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away :
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ;
For now my song is ended.





BID ME DISCOURSE, I WILL ENCHANT THINE
EAR.¹⁷

From *Venus and Adonis*; introduced in *Twelfth Night* and
Taming of the Shrew.

(Set to Music by SIR HENRY BISHOP.)

BID me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd
hair,

Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.



THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE.

From *Love's Martyr*,¹⁸ or *Rosalin's Complaint*.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste winds obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,¹⁹
To this troop come thou not near !

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,²⁰
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight ;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne²¹
To the phoenix and the dove,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.



THE PEDLAR'S SONG.²³

From PLAYFORD'S *Musical Companion*.

(Arranged as a glee for three voices by DR. WILSON, about 1667.)

FROM the far Lavinian shore,
I your markets come to store ;
Muse not, though so far I dwell,
And my wares come here to sell ;
Such is the sacred hunger for gold.
Then come to my pack,
While I cry
“What d’ye lack,
What d’ye buy?
For here it is to be sold.”
I have beauty, honour, grace,
Fortune, favour, time, and place,
And what else thou wouldst request,
E’en the thing thou likest best ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

First let me have but a touch of your gold.
Then come to me, lad,
Thou shalt have
What thy dad
Never gave ;
For here it is sold.

Madam, come, see what you lack,
I've complexions in my pack ;
White and red you may have in this place,
To hide your old and wrinkled face.
First let me have but a touch of your gold.
Then you shall seem
Like a girl of fifteen,
Although you be three score and ten years old.



SONGS

FROM SHAKSPERE'S COMEDIES.



COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.²³

From *The Tempest*.

(Set to Music by HENRY PURCELL.)

Ariel.



OME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,²⁴
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Burthen (dispersedly).

Hark, hark !²⁵

Bow-wow.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

Ariel.

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.





FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES.

From The Tempest.

(Set to Music by ROBERT JOHNSON, 1612, by H. PURCELL,
and by C. SMITH.)

Ariel.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ariel. Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.



THE WARNING.

From *The Tempest*.

(Set to Music by T. LINLEY.)

WHILE you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake, awake !





THE MASTER, THE SWABBER, THE BOAT-
SWAIN AND I.

From *The Tempest*.

(Set to Music, with Italian words, by ROSSINI.)

THE master, the swabber, the boatswain
and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Mar-
gery,
But none of us cared for Kate ;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch :
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !





CALIBAN'S SONG.

(Set to the original Air by G. SMITH.)

NO more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring :
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master : get a new man,





THE BLESSING OF JUNO AND CERES.

From *The Tempest*.

(Set to Music by W. LINLEY and A. SULLIVAN.)

Juno.

HONOUR, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.





WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

From *The Tempest*.

(Set to Music by ROBERT JOHNSON, by Dr. ARNE, and by
Dr. JACKSON and A. SULLIVAN.)



HERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



WHO IS SILVIA? WHAT IS SHE?

From Two Gentlemen of Verona.

(Set to Music by SIR HENRY BISHOP, SCHUBERT, and
LEVERIDGE.)

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.





FIE ON SINFUL FANTASY.

From *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

FIE on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villany ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.



TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.²⁶

From Measure for Measure.

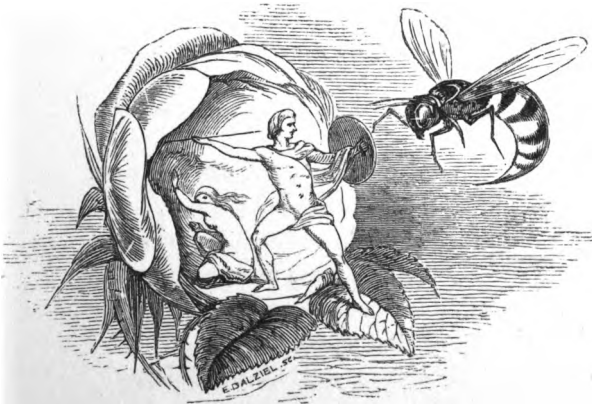
(Set to Music by MACIRONE.)

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again, bring again ;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.





SIGH NO MORE, LADIES, SIGH NO MORE.

From Much Ado about Nothing.

(Set to Music by DR. ARNE and STEVENS.)

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.





DONE TO DEATH BY SLANDEROUS TONGUES.²⁷

From Much Ado about Nothing.

DONE to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.



PARDON, GODDESS OF THE NIGHT.

From *Much Ado about Nothing*.

(Set to Music by CHILCOT.)

PARDON, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.



IF SHE BE MADE OF WHITE AND RED.

From *Love's Labour's Lost*.

IF she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown :
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.²⁸



IF LOVE MAKE ME FORSWORN.

From Love's Labour's Lost.

(Set to Music by MAJOR.)

IF love make me forsworn, how shall I swear
to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bow'd.

Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee com-
mend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts
admire :
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue.²⁹





SO SWEET A KISS THE GOLDEN SUN GIVES
NOT.

From Love's Labour's Lost.

SO sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the
rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays
have smote

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep :

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.





DID NOT THE HEAVENLY RHETORIC OF THINE
EYE.

From Love's Labour's Lost.

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold
argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore ; but-I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Exhalest this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :
If broken then, it is no fault of mine :
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise ?





SPRING AND WINTER.

From Love's Labour's Lost.

(Set to Music by DR. ARNE.)

SPRING.

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo : O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit ;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel³⁰ the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

And birds sit brooding in the snow

And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit ;

Tu-who, a merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.





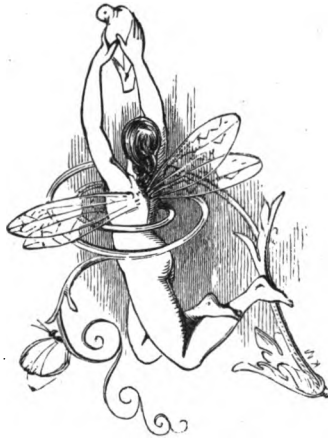
OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs³¹ upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be :
In their gold coats spots you see ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.





YOU SPOTTED SNAKES WITH DOUBLE TONGUE.

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(Set to Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN and R. J. S. STEVENS.)

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.





THE OUSEL-COCK, SO BLACK OF HUE.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE ousel-cock³² so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,
The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.





NOW THE HUNGRY LION ROARS.

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(Set to Music by T. LINLEY.)

Puck.

NOW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic : not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Oberon.

Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire :
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania.

First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note :

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG AND DANCE.

Oberon.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait ;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away ;
Make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.





PUCK'S EPILOGUE.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream.

IF we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend :
If you pardon, we will mend :
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long ;
Else the Puck a liar call :
So, good night unto you all.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Give me your hands,³³ if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.





TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY³⁴ BRED.

From *The Merchant of Venice*.

(Set to Music by STEVENSON.)

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.



ALL THAT GLISTERS IS NOT GOLD.

From The Merchant of Venice.

ALL that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told ;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.



THE FIRE SEVEN TIMES TRIED THIS.

From The Merchant of Venice.

THE fire seven times tried this :
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow's bliss :
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone : you are sped.



CLAIM HER WITH A LOVING KISS.

From *The Merchant of Venice*

YOU that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.





UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

From As You Like It.

(Set to Music by DR. ARNE.)

Amiens.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn^{se} his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

All

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.





BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

From As You Like It.

(Set to Music by DR. ARNE, and by STEVENS.)

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :³⁶
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,³⁷
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.





FROM THE EAST TO WESTERN IND.

From As You Like It.

Rosalind.

FROM the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair³⁸ of Rosalind.

Touchstone.

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.





WHY SHOULD THIS A DESERT BE ?

From As You Like It.



WHY should this a desert be ?
For it is unpeopled ? No :
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show :
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age ;
Some, of violated vows
"Twixt the souls of friend and friend :
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged :
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.





WHAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE
DEER ?

From As You Like It.

(Set to Music by SIR HENRY BISHOP.)



HAT shall he have that kill'd the deer ?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home ;
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;
It was a crest ere thou wast born :
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it :
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.



ART THOU GOD TO SHEPHERD TURN'D ?

From As You Like It.

ART thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect !
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How then might your prayers move !

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me :
And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.





IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

From As You Like It.

(Set to Music by STEVENS.)

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty
ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.





THEN IS THERE MIRTH IN HEAVEN.

From As You Like It.

THEN is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter :
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.





WEDDING IS GREAT JUNO'S CROWN.

From As You Like It.

WEDDING is great Juno's crown :
O blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
High wedlock then be honoured :
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !





FOR I THE BALLAD WILL REPEAT.

From All's Well that ends Well.

FOR I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

THE BALLAD.

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy ?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.





O MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU
ROAMING ?

From Twelfth Night.

(Set to Music by STEVENS.)

MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.





COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH.

From Twelfth Night.

(Set to Music by DR. ARNE.)

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there !





I AM GONE, SIR.

From Twelfth Night.



AM gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,³⁹
Your need to sustain ;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha ! to the Devil :
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad ;
Adieu, goodman Devil.



THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.

From *Twelfth Night*.

(Set to Music by STEVENSON, and by NICOLAI.)

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.⁴⁰





WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER.

From *A Winter's Tale*.

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging^{al} tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.





JOG ON, JOG ON, THE FOOT-PATH WAY.

From *A Winter's Tale*.

JOG on, jog on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent^{ed} the stile-a :
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.





LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW.

From A Winter's Tale.

(Set to Music by W. LINLEY.)

LAWN as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears :
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come buy.





GET YOU HENCE, FOR I MUST GO.

From *A Winter's Tale*.

TRIO.

Autolycus.

GET you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

Dorcas. Whither?

Mopsa.

O, whither?

Dor.

Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too, let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What, neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be.

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me :

Then whither goest? say, whither?





WILL YOU BUY ANY TAPE, OR LACE FOR
YOUR CAPE?

From A Winter's Tale.

WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a ?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a ?
Come to the pedlar ;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

SONGS

FROM SHAKSPERE'S HISTORIES.



BE MERRY, BE MERRY.

From King Henry IV. Part II.

DO nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;
For women are shrews, both short and tall :
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman⁴³ mine ;
And a merry heart lives long-a.
Fill the cup, and let it come ;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.⁴⁴





KNOCKS GO AND COME.

From *King Henry V.*

Pistol.



KNOCKS go and come; God's vassals drop
and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy.

As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.



ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE MADE TREES.

From King Henry VIII.

(Set to Music by SIR HENRY BISHOP, A. SULLIVAN, GABRIEL,
and G. A. MACFARREN.)

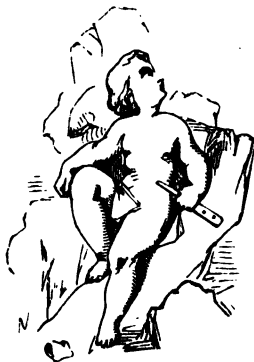


ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.





LOVE, LOVE, NOTHING BUT LOVE.

From Troilus and Cressida.

LOVE, love, nothing but love, still more !
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe :
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry Oh ! oh ! they die !
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !
So dying love lives still :
Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !
Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !



SONGS

FROM SHAKSPERE'S TRAGEDIES.



IMMORTAL GODS, I CRAVE NO PELF.

From Timon of Athens.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

IMMORTAL gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.



WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN ?

From *Macbeth*.

(Set to Music by KING.)

First Witch.



HEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2nd Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3rd Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

1st Witch. Where the place ?

2nd Witch. Upon the heath.

3rd Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

1st Witch. I come, Graymalkin !

2nd Witch. Paddock⁴⁶ calls.

3rd Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :
Hover through the fog and filthy air.





THE WITCH'S FEAST.

From *Macbeth*.

H WILL drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid :
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.





THRICE THE BRINDED CAT HAD MEW'D.

From *Macbeth*.

TRIO.

First Witch.

THRIICE the brinded⁴⁶ cat had mew'd.

2nd Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

3rd Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2nd Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3rd Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,⁴⁷
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2nd Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Hecate. And now about the cauldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.⁴⁸



HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW ?

From Hamlet.

HOW should I your true love know
From another one ?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.





AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN?⁴⁹

From Hamlet.



AND will he not come again ?

And will he not come again ?

No, no, he is dead :

Go to thy death-bed :

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll :

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan :

God ha' mercy on his soul !



THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.⁵⁰

From Hamlet.

IN youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my
behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet :
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.





THE FOOL'S SONG.

From *King Lear*.

FOOLS had ne'er less wit in a year ;
For wise men are grown foppish,
They know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.





THAT SIR WHICH SERVES AND SEEKS FOR
GAIN.

. From *King Lear*.

THAT sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly :
The knave turns fool that runs away ;
The fool no knave, perdy.





KING STEPHEN WAS A WORTHY PEER.

From *Othello*.

KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.⁵¹

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.⁵²





AND LET ME THE CANAKIN CLINK.

From *Othello*.

AND let me the canakin⁵³ clink, clink ;
And let me the canakin clink :
A soldier's a man ;
A life's but a span ;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.





THE POOR SOUL SAT SIGHING BY A
SYCAMORE TREE.

From *Othello*.

(Set to Music by HOOK.)

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore
tree,
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her
knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow :
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones ;
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.⁵⁴





BACCHANALIAN ROUND.

From *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

(Set to Music by SIR HENRY BISHOP and by SCHUBERT.)



OME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd :
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round !





HARK, HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S
GATE SINGS.

From *Cymbeline*.

(Set to Music by DR COOKE, and SCHUBERT.)

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With every thing that pretty is,^{ss}
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise.



FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN.⁵⁶

From Cymbeline.

DUET.

Guiderius.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !



SONGS

FROM THE DOUBTFUL PLAYS.



WE COBLERS LEAD A MERRY LIFE.

Glee, with hammer and lapstone accompaniment ; from *Lochrine*.

Trompart.

WE coblers lead a merry life :
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strumbo. Void of all envy and of strife :
All. Dan diddle dan.

Dorothy. Our ease is great, our labour small :

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. And yet our gains be much withal :

All. Dan diddle dan.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Dor. With this art so fine and fair :

All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. No occupation may compare :

All. Dan diddle dan.

Dor. For merry pastime and joyful glee :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. Most happy men we cobblers be :

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. The can stands full of nappy ale :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. In our shop still withouten fail :

Dan diddle dan.

Dor. This is our meat, this is our food :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. This brings us to a merry mood :

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. This makes us work for company :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. To pull the tankards cheerfully :

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. Drink to thy husband, Dorothy :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. Why, then, my Strumbo, here's to thee :

Dan diddle dan.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

Strum. Drink thou the rest, Trompart, amain :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again :

Dan diddle dan.





AND IS MY MASTER DEAD?

From Locrine.⁵⁷

AND is my master dead?
O sticks and stones, brickbats and
bones,
And is my master dead?
O you cockatrices, and you bablatrices,
That in the woods dwell:
You briers and brambles, you cook-shops and
shambles,
Come howl and yell.
With howling and screeking, with wailing and weep-
ing,
Come you to lament,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

O colliers of Croydon, and rustics of Roydon,
And fishers of Kent.
For Strumbo the cobbler, the fine merry cobbler
Of Caithness town,
At this same stour, at this very hour,
Lies dead on the ground.





ROSES, THEIR SHARP SPINES BEING GONE.

Bridal-song, from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.⁵⁸

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue ;
Maiden-pinks of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim ;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense ! [*Strew flowers.*
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
 Be absent hence.

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,⁵⁹
 Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly !





URNS AND ODOURS BRING AWAY.

Dirge, from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

URNS and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighs, darken the day
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying :
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd Pleasure's foes !
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.



FOR I'LL CUT MY GREEN COAT A FOOT
ABOVE MY KNEE.

From The Two Noble Kinsmen.

FOR I'll cut my green coat a foot above my
knee :
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch
below mine eye.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so
wide.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.



THE GEORGE ALOW CAME FROM THE
SOUTH.

From The Two Noble Kinsmen.

THE George alow came from the south,
From the coast of Barbary-a.
And there he met with brave gallants of
war.

By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants !
And whither now are you bound-a ?
Oh, let me have your company
Till I come to the Sound-a !

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet :
The one said 't was an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.



WORDS SET TO MUSIC

FROM SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.



THE CLOUD-CAPP'D TOWERS.

From The Tempest.

(Set as a part-song by STEVENS.)

THE cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack⁶⁰ behind.





ERE YOU CAN SAY 'COME' AND 'GO.'

From *The Tempest*.

(Set to Music by T. LINLEY.)



RE you can say 'come' and 'go,'
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?





I KNOW A BANK WHERE THE WILD THYME
BLOWS.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream.

(Set to Music by C. E. HORN.)



KNOW a bank where the wild thyme
blows,⁶¹

Where oxlips and the nodding violet
grows :

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.





BY THE SIMPLICITY OF VENUS' DOVES.

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(Set to Music by SIR HENRY BISHOP.)

BY the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers
loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the
Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee!



O, HAPPY FAIR!

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(Set to Music by SHIELD.)



HAPPY fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's
ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,

Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.



SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

From *Twelfth Night*.

(Set to Music by HAYDN.)

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the
bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in
thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy⁶²
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.





IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON.

From Twelfth Night.

(Set to Music by CLIFTON.)

IF music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !





DOUBT THOU THE STARS ARE FIRE.

Hamlet's Letter to Ophelia.

(Set to Music by KELLY.)

DOUBT thou the stars are fire ;
Doubt that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt I love !





I LOVE THEE SO !

From Twelfth Night.

(WINTER'S Music, altered by SIR HENRY BISHOP.)

Olivia.



LOVE thee so, that, maugre all thy
pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion
hide.

Viola.

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam : never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Olivia.

Yet come again ; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.



NOTES,
GLOSSARIAL' AND EXPLANATORY.

SONGS SET TO MUSIC,
AND
ALPHABETICAL REGISTER.



NOTES, GLOSSARIAL AND EXPLANATORY.

(1) "The Passionate Pilgrim" was published by W. Jaggard, with Shakspeare's name, in 1599, six years after the appearance of "Venus and Adonis," and the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music," first separated under that title in the third edition of 1612, are included in the volume. Of these, several were ascertained to be the productions of other authors. That collection ends with the beautiful song (reprinted in "England's Helicon," in 1600, under the signature, *ignoto*), "As it fell upon a day" (given at pp. 7—10). Owing to this discovery, Jaggard cancelled the title-page to the edition of 1612, and re-issued the book without the name of Shakspeare.

(2) The chorus forms no part of the song as usually printed; but in a MS. commonplace book of the period it is added in a much later hand, without note or comment. The fact seemed worth preserving.

(3) Introduced also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv., scene iii. It first appeared anonymously in the "Passionate Pilgrim," in 1599, with productions of other writers; and next in "England's Helicon," in 1600, where Shakspeare's name is affixed to it. The couplet:—

"Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee,"

was first introduced in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

(4) Towards the top: *up*, with us, as in *up-town*, still being used in the same sense; in "England's Helicon" *against* is substituted for *up-till*.

(5) In "England's Helicon" this madrigal is subscribed *Ignoto*, a name which Sir Walter Raleigh used; but which being simply the same as *Anonymous*, may perhaps have been also in common use. In Weelkes's "Madrigals," published in 1597, lines 5—8 read:

"Love is denying,
Faith is defying,
Heart's denying,
Causer of this."

Lines 43 and 44 are there given:

"Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully."

- (6) Denial.
- (7) Abjuring.
- (8) Deserted.
- (9) Dole or portion.
- (10) Untaxed dogs had their tails cut off.
- (11) Make him.

NOTES.

(12) Exhausted land.

(13) This song was reprinted with musical notes by Izaak Walton in "The Angler" of 1653, from "England's Helicon," 1600, where it has Marlowe's name affixed to it. It varies considerably from that in "The Passionate Pilgrim," and is here given as probably the more correct text :—

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

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The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May-morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHR. MARLOWE.

“ Love’s Answer ” is there given, with the signature *Ignoto*, as follows :—

THE NYMPH’S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd’s tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb :
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy’s spring, but sorrow’s fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,

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All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

IGNOTO.

Izaak Walton ascribes the first to "Kit Marlowe, written at least fifty years ago," and the other to Sir Walter Raleigh, "written in his younger days."

(14) High-flown, studied.

(15) The Cambridge editors, following an old MS. copy, read *sell* for *sale*.

(16) Curse. The fourth line of the seventh verse, in the original text, instead of *The swain that wooes*, reads *The cock that treads*.

(17) Sir Henry Bishop gives simply the words from Shakspeare, omitting the following lines, introduced on the stage in *Twelfth Night* :—

"Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail,
And sing as sweetly as the nightingale ;
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
As morning roses newly tipp'd with dew ;
Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
And dance and play, and wrinkled care beguile."

This verse, omitting Shakspeare's words, was given at the grand Shakspeare Tercentenary Festival as a separate performance ; but in the second part Madame Parepa gave the latter, also as a separate performance. From "Venus and Adonis," besides "Bid

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me discourse," Sir Henry Bishop set the sonnet, "Lo! here the gentle lark," to music. Horn composed an accompaniment to the sonnet, "Even as the sun."

(18) "Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint,"—allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phoenix and the Turtle.

(19) The screech-owl.

(20) *Can* for *ken*, knows.

(21) Funereal song.

(22) Published anonymously in the "Musical Companion;" but in "Clark's Words of Glees and Madrigals" it is ascribed to Shakspeare. In a commonplace book, written in the time of Shakspeare, Mr. Dane found it with Shakspeare's name attached to it.

(23) To place *The Tempest* as a lyrical drama on the stage, the text was mutilated and debased by Dryden and Davenant; but the beautiful music of Purcell, even with this detraction, made this most charming of fairy dramas retain its hold upon public favour. Sir William Davenant played it with Lock's music at the Duke's Theatre. Mr. Macready restored the text as now played, with music by Purcell and Arne. *The Tempest* was revised recently under Mr. Hollingshead's management, at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. Sullivan superintending the whole of the musical arrangements.

(24) Whist = silent. This punctuation of the original text preserves the poet's evident idea, destroyed in the modern alterations, as pointed out by Mr. Knight. "Courtseying and kissing," says Mr. Dyce, "were formerly observed at the commencement of certain dances, and the poet had an eye to these ceremonies."

(25) In *The Tempest*, as played from Dryden and Davenant's altered text, Horn set to music:—1. "Being your slave;"

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2. "Take all my loves;" 3. "Kind fortune smiles, come follow me;" and 4. "Shall I compare thee." T. Linley composed, "Arise, ye spirits of the storm," and "O bid your faithful Ariel fly;" and C. Smith, "The owl is abroad."

(26) Set to music by Jack Wilson, who belonged to the same company of players as Shakspeare. In *Measure for Measure* the first stanza only is given. The two appear in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, to whom the song is also sometimes attributed.

(27) This epitaph and the hymn should scarcely be separated when sung.

(28) Owe = *own*, or possess.

(29) These lines have been introduced into *Love's Labour's Lost* from "The Passionate Pilgrim," with a few verbal variations.

(30) Keel the pot = *skim* the pot: still used in Ireland.

(31) Fairy rings, formerly supposed to have been formed by the midnight dances of the fairies; but which owe their existence to a kind of fungus which grows from a centre in a circle outwards, destroying the grass as it extends.

(32) The blackbird, or black ouzel.

(33) To suit the taste of the times, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was altered and produced under the title of *The Fairy Queen*, in 1692, with music, instrumental and vocal, by Purcell.

(34) Fancy is here used as the synonym of *love*.

(35) Some editions read *live with me* in the second line, and *tune* for *turn* in the third. *Turn* is the synonym of *modulate*.

(36) The four lines commencing, "Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly," are omitted by Dr. Arne.

(37) The surface made uneven by the action of frost; hence the proverb, "Winter shall warp waters."

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(38) Fair = beauty; still in use in Dryden's time :—

“The king, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the *fair* who caused his care.”

(39) In the old Moralities or moral plays the clown was dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat and a dagger of lath. The chief sport of the Vice, as the clown was called, was to make sport with another buffoon, called the Devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger of lath—the Harlequin's wand of our pantomime.

(40) In *King Lear*, Act iii., scene ii., the Fool sings :—

“He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.”

(41) Pugging, a cant word for *thieving*.

(42) From the Anglo-Saxon *hentan*, to lay hold of; still used in Warwickshire.

(43) A mistress, a loved one.

(44) Deep tankards had the pint-measure marked by movable pegs, to limit the draught; but, as in our bumper toasts, on occasion they were emptied at a draught.

(45) Paddock, a toad.

(46) Brinded = brindled, tabby.

(47) Chaudron = entrails.

(48) The musical portion of the scenes in *Macbeth*, as put upon the stage, is not part of Shakspeare's text. It consists of selections from Thomas Middleton's play of *The Witch*, from which Shakspeare himself has borrowed many phrases and passages, and of entire pieces and alterations by Sir William Davenant, when he prepared it for the stage. The music by

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Matthew Lock was written for Davenant, when he produced *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, the latter altered by Dryden and himself, at the Duke's Theatre, in Portugal Street, and till of late, these mutilated texts kept possession of the stage.

(49) Ophelia's first song, "To-morrow is St. Valentine's day," essential in the play to exhibit the insanity of Ophelia, and showing Shakspere's knowledge of psychology, is necessarily omitted.

(50) Altered from Lord Vaux's *Aged Lover*.

(51) Lown = *loon*, cheat.

(52) See ballad in "Percy's Reliques."

(53) Canakin, a small drinking-cup.

(54) This is the first verse of an old ballad, the sex altered to suit Desdemona. See "Percy's Reliques."

(55) Altered by Hanmer to *bin*.

(56) The elegant dirge sung by Guiderius and Arviragus in *Cymbeline*, "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb," is an introduction. The poem is by Collins, and the music by Dr. Arne.

(57) Dr. Farmer considers that *Titus Andronicus* and *Lochrine* were the productions of the same author. The former is included in the folio of 1623, published by the players of Shakspere's own company, the purest text of all future editions of his *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*; and the editor of the third folio of 1664, seeing both entered in the Stationers' books in 1594, and finding on the title-page of the first edition of the latter, published in 1595, the words, *newly set foorth, overseene, and corrected by W. S.*, introduced it in that edition as one of *the seven plays never before printed in folio*, which are there attributed to Shakspere. A tradition is mentioned by Ravenscroft, who published *Titus Andronicus* in an altered form in 1687, "that that play was not originally Shakspere's, but was brought by a private author to be acted, and that Shakspere only gavq

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some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." Malone assigns *Locrine* to Marlowe, and identifies W. S. with William Smith, author of *Chloris, or the Complaint of the Passionate, Despised Shepherd*; 1596.

(58) *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is stated on the title-page of the first edition of 1634 to be the joint production of Fletcher and Shakspeare.

(59) Mr. Seward altered the reading of the second line of the fourth verse to

"The boding raven, nor chough hoar;"

the original line being evidently corrupt,—

"The boding raven, nor clough he:"

clough meaning a break or valley in the side of a hill, and the *chough* being a companion meet for the other proscribed birds.

(60) The music reads:—

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a *wrack* behind."

Rack, however, is evidently the correct reading. Mr. Knight says:—"This word is now received as the true text. The *rack*, as explained by Bacon, means the highest clouds: 'The winds, which wave the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.' Mr. Hunter has expressed his belief that the word *rack* is never used with the indefinite article, and suggests *wrack* (wreck), which Mr. Dyce adopts. But a correspondent in 1846 informed us that, on the Scottish Border, *rack* is sometimes applied to clouds, and is used in reference to those rugged masses, the *ruins* as it were of a rain-cloud, which, having previously over-

NOTES.

spread the hemisphere, has been broken up and driven along by a gale of wind."

(61) The music gives *whereon* instead of *where* in the first line, and runs the third into two, thus :—

"There sleeps the fairy queen—
There sleeps sometime of the night."

(62) The music omits lines 3 and 4 :—

"She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy."





SONGS SET TO MUSIC.

WE know but little of the original music used in Shakspeare's plays when performed at the Globe and at the Blackfriars during his lifetime :—

“It had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

Such was Shakspeare's opinion of music, and it will be readily admitted that no one could form a more correct one. He was evidently a passionate lover of music. *The Tempest*, indeed, is almost a musical drama, containing, besides those exquisite songs,—“Come unto these yellow sands,” “Full fathom five thy father lies,” “Where the bee sucks,” and others,—a masque with music, presented by the fairies. Not less so is *As You Like It*, in which, besides those fine songs and

SONGS SET TO MUSIC.

glees, "Under the greenwood-tree," "What shall he have that kill'd the deer," "It was a lover and his lass," and the beautiful song, "Blow! blow! thou winter wind," the last scene is just what might be acted on our own lyrical stage. Then again we have *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Twelfth Night*, and *A Winter's Tale*,—all conclusive evidence that the music at the Globe and the Blackfriars must have been of a high order.

Tradition ascribes the original air to "Take, oh take those lips away!" to Jack Wilson, the vocalist and member of Shakspere's company, whose name is given in a stage-direction in the small quarto, *Much Ado about Nothing*, of 1600. "Full fathom five thy father lies," "Where the bee sucks," and, probably, the other songs in the *Tempest*, were set to music by Robert Johnson, in 1612. "My flocks feed not" is included in Weelkes's Madrigals, published in 1597; and the original air to "Live with me and be my love," stated by Izaak Walton to have then been more than fifty years old, was given by him in the first edition of "The Angler," in 1653. "It was a lording's daughter" was originally set to music by John and Thomas Morley; and "The pedlar's song," by Dr. Wilson, about two centuries ago.

From hence we pass to Purcell, Arne, Lock, and Jackson, whose music still retains its hold on the stage. In the present century we have to add to the musical expositors of the lyrical portions of Shakspere's plays, Sir Henry Bishop, Cook, Shield, Linley, Stevenson, Schubert, Stevens, Macfarren, Horn, and Sullivan, to the latter of whom we are indebted for the careful musical supervision in the brilliant and successful *recent* reproduction of *The Tempest* at the Queen's Theatre. Hadyn and Mendelssohn are two illustrious foreign names to be added to the list.

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